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WELCOME HOME,

AND

BIRTH-DAY POEM,

FOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

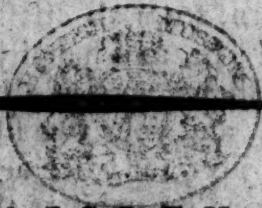
GEORGE, EARL OF GLASGOW.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A S O N G.

46-9-4-7/12  
By JAMES MAXWELL,

POET IN PAISLEY.



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M.DCC.LXXXVI.

To the Right Honourable  
GEORGE, EARL OF GLASGOW.

May it please your Lordship,

The following lines are to congratulate you on your  
safe and happy return from your extensive tour,  
to your native country and paternal estates——  
heartily wishing you long life and prosperity in  
this world, and eternal bliss in that which is to  
come. This is the sincere and fervent prayer of,

MY LORD,  
Your LORDSHIP's,  
Much obliged, and most obedient  
Faithful humble Servant,

JUNE 19. 1786. JAMES MAXWELL.

**P**ERMIT the Bard, with humble modest grace,  
To bid you welcome to your native place!  
Long has he waited for this happy hour,  
For your return from your extensive tour;  
To sing your welcome to each fair estate;  
HAWKHEAD and KELBURN for your presence wait;  
And all your vassals sure rejoice to see  
Your safe return, from all disasters free!  
Long may you live, and happily enjoy  
Your fair possessions, void of all annoy!  
Lady MAMMA, and your two sisters dear,  
How will they joy your voice again to hear!  
To hear the wond'rous things that you have seen,  
In all the travels where your feet have been;  
How will they be delighted these to hear,  
And thereto listen with attentive ear!

ALL thanks to Heav'n your life has been preserv'd,

And ev'ry element your purpose serv'd.  
 For, O what dangers, open and unseen,  
 Have you escap'd where you have lately been !  
 Yea, num'rous dangers thick around us stand,  
 At home, abroad, and both by sea and land :  
 The hundredth part thereof we ne'er can see,  
 And therefore must of course unthankful be.  
 But let us ne'er forget, throughout our lives,  
 Our safety from the pow'r of Heav'n derives :  
 The bolts of danger always miss or hit,  
 According as that sov'reign Pow'r sees fit.  
 And right it is, since he our lives first gave,  
 That he the full prerogative should have.  
 Therefore our thanks to him are always due,  
 Whatever peace or perils we pass through :  
 Yet if our paths with flow'rs be strew'd along,  
 It should excite us to more thankful song.  
 I therefore hope your Lordship understands  
 What thankful tribute Heav'n of you demands.  
 Your birth and fortune render you complete,  
 Which does exceedingly enhance your debt ;  
 But this, I hope, I need not you remind,  
 Since gracious Heav'n has been to you so kind.

Now you have seen great wonders manifold,  
 Virtue and vice you must of course behold.  
 Happy for those who can distinguish well  
 How humble virtue does proud vice excel ;  
 But, ah ! how hard it is the last to shun,  
 And in the path of duty still to run !  
 The paths of folly oft are strew'd with flow'rs,  
 To draw our feet to fair enchanted bow'rs :  
 But whoso are decoy'd into her net,  
 Are often ruin'd ere they freedom get :  
 But happy those who 'scape her flow'ry path,  
 Wisely consid'ring 'tis the road to death.



Tho' Wisdom's ways at first seem strew'd with  
thorn,

Wherewith the youthful trav'lers oft are torn ;  
Yet those who courage have to persevere,  
They daily find them more and more made clear,  
And still the farther in her paths they move,  
The greater pleasure they for ever prove :  
But Folly's ways for ever irksome grow,  
The farther in her fatal course we go.  
O happy, happy they who wisely chuse  
The right, and cautiously the wrong refuse.

THUS, travelling becomes our weal or woe,  
According to which path we chuse to go.  
Tho' bad examples easier are to learn  
Than those which ought to be our main concern ;  
Yet those who try them both, do quickly find  
Which yields most satisfaction to the mind :  
Ev'n tho' no future state were e'er to be,  
Virtue affords far most tranquillity.  
Much might be said hereon, but I forbear,  
Lest I should tire my noble reader's ear ;  
Why should I then this argument prolong,  
As if I fear'd your Lordship would go wrong ?  
No : I abhor the thought ! Your better sense  
Would ne'er let such a thought in you commence.  
I hope your birth, and all your large estate,  
Will ne'er your mind to haughtiness elate.  
Now, welcome to your honours and your wealth,  
I wish you long prosperity and health——  
That you may long your happiness enjoy,  
And peaceful live, without the least annoy ;  
That when kind Heav'n shall call you off the stage,  
In an advanced, and a well spent age,  
You may with joy your mortal life resign,  
And rise to honours endless and divine.

A BIRTH-DAY POEM for the Right Honourable the EARL of GLASGOW, who entered the twenty-second Year of his Age, September 18th, 1786.

**P**ARDON the Bard, who with unpolish'd lay,  
 Attempts to sing your Lordship's Natal Day.  
 All hail, illustrious day! auspicious morn,  
 On which to us a noble Lord was born!  
 Let all rejoice to see the dawn appear!  
 Welcome, thou happiest day of all the year!  
 To Heav'n give thanks, and chearful homage pay,  
 That has preserv'd him to this joyful day;  
 The joyous day of his majority,  
 Who would not sing with sweetest melody?  
 No more a Minor, but a Major brave,  
 And full authority he now shall have!

ALL hail, great Lord! sprung from a noble race!  
 Who will, I hope, in time fill up the place  
 Of his illustrious Ancestors of yore,  
 The loss of whom the world did long deplore:  
 But now, I hope, none will have cause to mourn,  
 Nor wish they might be suffer'd to return.  
 Long may you prosper, and do valiantly,  
 And more and more advance your name on high.  
 For noble deeds, O may you be renown'd,  
 And with immortal fame and glory crown'd!

Now you have seen a world of wondrous things,  
 Which to a thinking mind much knowledge brings;  
 How Vice and Virtue opponents appear,  
 And which does most benignant aspect bear.  
 The first, a monster, odious to behold,  
 The second purer than the lucid gold.  
 You cannot therefore scruple which to chuse,  
 And which with hatred utterly refuse.  
 Not doubting therefore you will chuse the last,  
 And far behind your back the former cast!  
 This will exalt on high your noble name,  
 And make you worthy of immortal fame;

Yea, ev'n when time of mortal life is gone,  
 You shall ascend to a celestial throne.  
 Then will you have just cause to bless the morn,  
 On which you was an heir of glory born!  
 And men shall have just cause, while here on earth,  
 To bless the fruitful womb that gave you birth.

SOON may you now espouse a Lady fair,  
 Endow'd with ev'ry grace and virtue rare;  
 And may she prove a consort wise and kind,  
 In whom you may full satisfaction find;  
 And may you have a noble issue too,  
 Who may, for goodness, ages past outdo;  
 Who shall exalt your noble family,  
 From age to age in most sublime degree.  
 Still may they flourish, till the end of time,  
 Growing in wealth and honours more sublime.

THUS, Righteousness exalts its votaries,  
 Raising them still, by uniform degrees:  
 But Vice and Folly sink the highest low,  
 From honour to disgrace; from wealth to woe.  
 This by the firm decree of Heav'n is fixt,  
 Not only in this world, but in the next.  
 Tho' sometimes here in life vice thrives a while,  
 And Providence thereon may seem to smile;  
 But, ah, how great, how sudden is its fall,  
 Into the gulf of everlasting thrall!

BUT better things, my Lord, I hope of you,  
 And of your noble generations too,  
 Tho' thus I speak: I hope you and your race,  
 Shall be endow'd with Heav'n's peculiar grace,  
 And made strong pillars both of church and state,  
 Never to dwindle, nor in fame abate.

LONG may you live in happiness and peace;  
 In wealth and honours may you still increase;  
 Growing in wisdom as you growing in years,  
 Divest of troubles, undismay'd by fears.  
 Long may you like a brazen bulwark stand,  
 A steadfast barrier to your native land,  
 To vindicate the rights of Libertie,  
 For all mankind, of high and low degree;



To guard the innocent, and plead their cause  
Against corrupt and arbitrary laws.

Thus may you live, and leave your name behind,  
A lover and a friend to all mankind !

Thus shall you live belov'd ; lamented die,  
And be advanc'd to mansions fair on high,  
Leaving behind you heirs of equal grace,  
Who shall from age to age supply your place.

For as it is decreed by the Most High,  
That all mankind appointed are to die ;  
Heav'n grant that not till far advanc'd in age,  
You may in peace be call'd from off the stage,  
And waded to the blissful worlds above—

○ may this be your last benign remove !  
Then shall you see, and heartily rejoice,  
That ever Righteousness you made your choice :  
But better righteousness than human-kind,  
Must make you there a free acceptance find ;  
For which you will the great Redeemer praise,  
In everlasting sweet celestial lays ;  
Then will you look on all things here below,  
As empty bubbles, and as tinsel show.

○ who would not for such a blissful prize  
The vain delights of carnal sense despise !  
Our thoughts are lost when we these things compare,  
No human words the diff'rence can declare !  
Yet wealth and honours men may here enjoy,  
By Heav'n's donation, free without annoy,  
If we the same with moderation use,  
And not the creatures nor ourselves abuse :  
Then may they be with thankfulness enjoy'd,  
And unto noble purposes applied ;  
Without endangering our future lot,  
They only will our happiness promote.  
Forgive, my Lord, this freedom I have ta'en,  
And I your humble servant shall remain.  
All health and happiness your days attend,  
And bliss complete, when mortal life shall end.

SONG for the Right Honourable the EARL of  
GLASGOW's BIRTH-DAY.

Sung by the Tenants, &c. Sept. 18th, 1786.

TUNE, TWEEDSIDE.

**W**HAT pleasure doth this Day afford  
To Tenants both aged and young!  
The BIRTH-DAY of our NOBLE LORD,  
Let it with sweet accents be sung.  
Thank Heav'n he is now come to age;  
His Birth-Day we chearfully sing;  
Let this ev'ry heart now engage,  
And dance all with joy in a ring.

II.

We welcome him chearfully home,  
From travels so tedious and long;  
Thank Heav'n he in safety is come;  
His Birth-Day shall now be our song.  
Long, long may he live to enjoy  
His wealth and his honours in peace;  
His health let no troubles annoy,  
His happiness never surcease.

III.

A Lady may Heav'n to him give,  
With wealth and with virtues well stor'd;  
And long may they joyfully live  
Together with sweetest accord.  
With issue too may they be bless'd,  
By Heav'n's most propitious decree,  
Who shall be of virtue possess'd,  
And honours in ev'ry degree.

IV.

And now, A good health to my Lord,  
With chearfulness let it go round;  
The pleasures this Day doth afford—  
O may they for ever abound!  
Long life to my Lord! be the toast,  
May health still his body attend!  
Of him let his vassals all boast,  
“He is our good MASTER and FRIEND.”

F I N I S.



